

MARVEL
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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

N053 40p
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Falling in love again, never wanted to...
What can Slimer do? He can't help it!

Yes folks! *Love is in the air*, only this time it's Slimer who is shot by *Cupid's bow* in **Fooled for Love!** The ectoplasmic beauty in question is none other than a female Slimer! Can there be another Slimer? Well, she certainly looks like a Slimer and the lipstick is a bit of a give away! Anyway, there's more ghostly activity in store for our heroes in this week's **Winston's Diary** when a manic spectral skateboarder is on the rampage. There's certainly no *love lost* between this spook and **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS!** Then, just to continue the theme, there's further trouble with sets of wheels in **Car Wash Spook!** when Winston gets more than a clean car. Still, *it'll all come out in the wash!*

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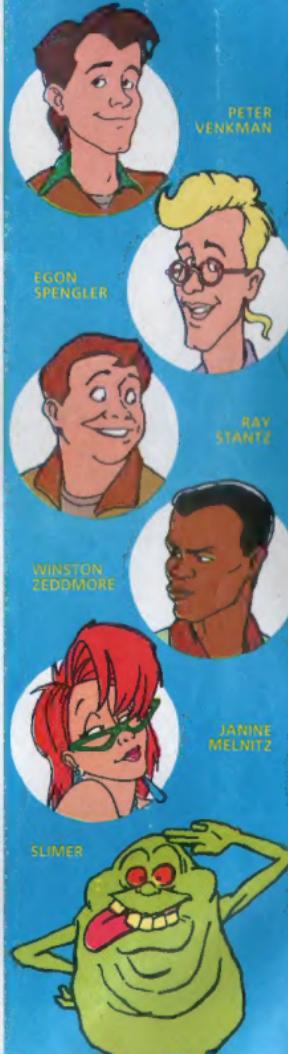
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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

FOOLED FOR LOVE!

SOMEWHERE IN THE UNDERWORLD...

FIENDS, MORONS,
BOGEMEN, LEND ME
YOUR EARS...

WHY?
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH YOURS? HA HA HA!

LISTEN, I HAVE SUMMONED YOU
FROM YOUR STINKY LITTLE SLIME-
PIT WORLDS ON A MATTER
OF GRAVE IMPORTANCE!

THE GHOSTBUSTERS
MAY BE HEROES TO THE
LIVING, BUT TO US THEY
ARE A MENACE!

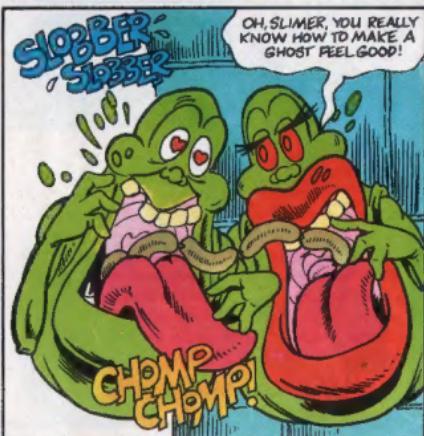
WE MUST FREE THOSE HELD
IN BONDAGE IN THEIR DREADED
CONTAINMENT UNIT.

BUT HOW? THERE
ARE SO FEW OF
US LEFT...

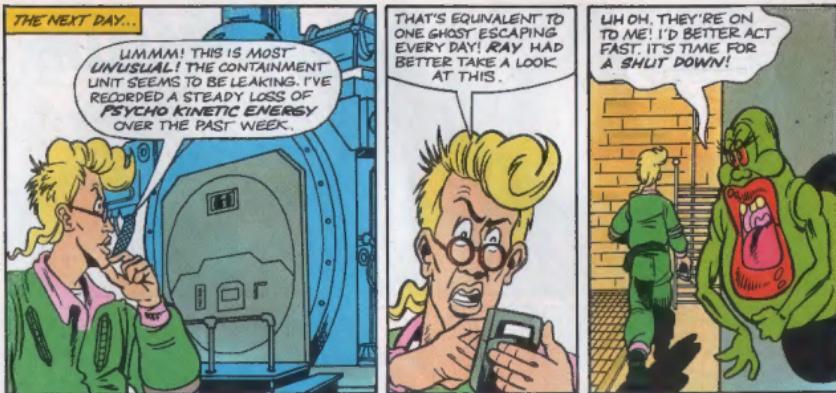
YOU FORGET THAT THERE
IS ONE OF US AMONGST
THEM! SOMEONE THEY
TRUST... A GHOST
CALLED SLIMER!

I'M SURE I CAN GET THAT
STUPID LITTLE BLOB TO
HELP US. HA HA HA!

PUFF!









WELL, FIRST OF ALL, I'M PETER VENKMAN AND SECONDLY, IT'S YOU WHO HAVE FALLEN INTO OUR TRAP. IT IS YOU WHO ARE DOOMED YOU DERMATOLOGISTS' NIGHTMARE!

HA! HA! HA! YOU DARE JEST WITH ME, GHOST-BUSTER? YOU'RE NOT EVEN ARMED!

JANINE! DO YOUR STUFF!

OKAY! HERE GOES!

ION PARTICLE ARTILLERY READY!

BELIAL, YOU HAVE GIVEN US MORE THAN YOUR FAIR SHARE OF DANGEROUS ECTOPLASMIC ACTIVITY AND NOW IT'S OUR TURN!

NO, NO, WAIT, DON'T SHOOT! I WAS GOING TO PUT ALL OF THE GHOSTS BACK, HONEST!

THAT'S WHAT I CALL FALLING FOR A TRAP, HA! HA!

NO! NOT THE TRAP, PLEASE! AGGGGGHHH!

IT WORKED! WE GOT OLD BELIAL AND ALL BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT SLIMER WAS STUPID!

HA! HA! EVERYONE KNOWS THAT SLIMER'S ON THE SIDE OF THE GOOD GUYS!

UNFORTUNATELY, THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON HE LOVES! YUK!

SPENGLER'S SPIRIT

GUIDE

First things first. I have to mention here a quick reassurance to Alice Chipmunk of Ontario. Yes, Alice, I am in the middle of researching your problem with the radishes, and I'll be getting back to you as soon as I can present some results. In the meantime, please save yourself all this postage and quit dropping me two or three reminding postcards a day. Right then, what's this week then? Oh yeah! Nellie Perilli of Beverly Hills wrote in with a thing about her sports car, a bright red, two-seater, 4000cc convertible Austin Tation, which she called Charlene. 'I think my car is spooked,' she writes (Nellie, that is, not Charlene). 'Charlene drives around without me having to take the wheel. I can be sitting in the passenger seat and Nellie will take me down to the studio for me to film the next episode of the soap opera I star in, *The Falcon Has Landing Gear*. Then Charlene picks me up after filming and takes me to my favourite restaurant, and then drives me home. What sort of ghost does this?'

Well, Nellie, the answer is simple. Your car isn't haunted. You have what is called in the trade a 'Chauffeur'.

Nellie's letter did make me think that car hauntings are not always so straight forward. The phantom, or pos-



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sessed automobile, has been a striking theme since the motor car became popular. So I thought it was time to run over a few key points.

PRISTINE

From Norfolk, England, comes this report of Lord Roller, who apparently suffered from a haunted limousine. The car, a great big, black, Armsandknees Benz was described by his Lordship as 'Pristine' for the most part. But, at a particular time every year, just when the M.O.T. was due and the Garage was full, Pristine would turn into a rampaging monster of a machine, with baleful, fiery headlights and great big pointy radiators. The only

cure was the performance of a special service, a mass of fine tuning adjustments, and a new set of plugs.

UP FROM THE PITS

The mechanic staff at Brakeneck Race Track in Indiana say that during the 'sixties and early 'seventies, there were numerous sightings of a phantom racing car going around the Grand Prix circuit. The first they knew about it was when the track tannoy would crackle into life, and a voice would echo across the pits and the starting grid . . . a voice that said "... and that was Lucifertipaldi in the Brimstone Special, and he's only a cloven hoof's length behind the race leaders Nibble Manthing in the Inferno-Sulphur, and the Fang Mk Two driven by Eaten Sinner. They're coming into Dead Frogman's Bends now and, oh my word! Over to you Nick . . . Thank you, Vlad, well just look at the state of the crowd here on the far side of the pits. Sinner has to keep that Fang off the road properly or he'll never get through to the second leg of the competition . . ." The ghosts were finally exorcised by getting Murrey Walker on the tannoy saying "... but now football . . . or not? Well, I never . . . over to the rugby - no ping-pong, from Queens Park Lawn tennis pools, Epsom . . ."

SOMETHING LIKE
THIS HAPPENS
EVERY MONTH!



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POPEYE
THE SAILOR

MARVEL®

ARF! ARF!

FELINE PHANTOM

What's menacing, ginger in colour, has big pointy claws with teeth to match and has had all of its nine lives? Well, as you have probably guessed, the answer is a spectral cat, or feline phantom as they call them in the trade. This particular cat was a very unusual one however, for it wasn't one of those sort of cats which likes to spend the long winter evenings curled up by the fire, or the long summer days basking in the sun. Oh no. This cat was an activist

moggy, a campaigner for 'kitty rights', whose main objective was to bring the attention of any interested parties to the terrible amount of cat-napping which was going on. Cat-napping as in 'kidnapping' that is, rather than the sleeping by the fire on long winter evenings variety of cat-napping. The intrepid creature's scheme worked, too, for once the cat-napper was caught, the phantom kitty vanished.



WINSTON'S DIARY

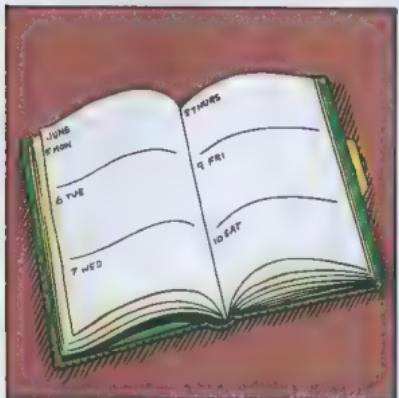
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEMMIE



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD

Tuesday, June 6th, 1989

Well, you know as well as I do that we Ghostbusters get to see a whole host of strange sights, weird spectacles, bizarre happenings etc.etc. . . . What we don't often see is a grown man having the time of his life on a skateboard. Believe me, it's worth seeing.



The kids near Ghostbusters HQ have taken over this abandoned building site and turned it into one brilliant skateboard run. Now, I know what you're thinking, playing on building sites is dangerous and, of course, you're right. But the police had seen what was happening from Day One, made sure the place was really abandoned, checked the ramps and things — well, to cut a long story short, they were sort of glad it was there and made sure it was safe, you know. Anything to keep people off the streets and out of the traffic.

Anyway, the skateboard run was a good idea and everyone was having a good time. It wasn't until we were passing it in ECTO-1, last Tuesday, that we discovered that someone — or something — was trying to hog all the fun for themselves. I think it was the weird blue light, and accompanying screaming and whizz-

bang of strange explosions that were coming from the run, that first put us on to the idea that a ghost had decided to haunt it. Ray, Peter and I leapt out of the car and raced to see what was going on. Some of the neighbourhood kids raced to meet us, some of them riding their skateboards, some of them running with them under their arms.

"You got to help," shouted one of them — John Watts, I think, he's one of the best skateboarders I've ever seen. It was difficult to tell who was shouting at us with all the noise coming from the skateboard run.

"It's a ghost," shouted Graham Sempton, "A ghost on a skateboard. It won't let anyone else on the run!"

"This I've got to see," grinned Peter, flicking on his Proton Gun, and waving his hand at us to follow him. Well, I know it's unusual for Peter to lead us anywhere, but he'd just busted a Class nine para-demon who'd been eating library books for its breakfast, and was feeling pretty good about himself. Well, who wouldn't?

We followed Peter, watching the way ahead with care, there's no sense in being jumped. Ray checked the PKE Meter. "It's moving pretty fast," he muttered, "But I think it's only a Class, two free-roamer. We should have this over and done with in no time." Ray has a gift for being wrong.

As we entered the run, checking the wooden ramps at either side of us, there was a wail of delight and a skeletal figure flew past Ray, grabbing his Proton Gun from his hands, catching him off balance. Ray fell to the floor with a crash. As I moved to help Ray, there was another squeal of delight and I felt something hit me hard on the back with a terrific thump. Next thing I knew, Peter was helping me up, from a rather embarrassing face down position in the mud. Worse still, there was a worrying, hideous crackling sound coming from

behind me. "What is it?" I whispered.

"Don't worry," said Ray, "The ghost snagged your backpack pretty well. I'm pretty sure it won't explode though, at least not right away. I built those things to last. Pity it broke my Proton Gun, though."

"You mean my backpack could explode?" I shouted. "Get it off me!"



"Better not – let the thing settle down for a while," explained Ray, picking up an abandoned skateboard. "You realise this means only Peter can possibly bust this spook," he said, looking at me gravely. Peter looked at the skateboard, then at me, then at Ray, then at the skateboard. "You're not thinking what I think you're thinking," he moaned. We were. The only way to catch the ghost was for someone to get on a skateboard and chase it round the course. Peter got elected on the spot. Before he could say another word, I slapped a helmet on his head and pushed him onto the concrete that was the base of the run, while Ray placed the skateboard beside him. "Way to go," shouted John Watts, slapping Peter on the arm. He was so surprised, he stepped onto the skateboard and set off on the run immediately.

Well, he did look very unsteady at first, but I was impressed. He took the first ramp at a breathtaking speed, turned at the top, did a sort of body flop – the Proton Gun and the backpack must have thrown his balance a bit – then landed on the skateboard again and set off once more. There was no stopping him! The ghost thought so too – it took one look at the skateboarding display and headed away from Peter as fast as it could go. "EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!" it squealed.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!" shouted Peter. I thought it was a sort of new war-cry he'd made. Not as good as 'This ghost is history,' but close.

He dipped, he swerved, he gained. The ghost panicked, tried for a back flop and fell flat on its bony behind. Peter zapped it with a quick Proton blast, circling it, closer and closer. I threw a Ghost Trap in its direction and in a moment the ghost was history, or 'aaaagh', as Peter said when he fell off the skateboard in a heap by the glowing trap. Ray and I raced to help him up while John Watts lead some hearty clapping from an admiring audience of neighbourhood kids. "Fantastic!" they shouted. Peter rubbed his back and moaned.

"Well done," I said as Peter moaned again, "I didn't know you could ride a skateboard!"

"I can't," said Peter.

"It's true," said Ray, "He's never ridden one before in his life – don't you think he would have boasted to us about it by now?"

"Bah," came a muttered disembodied sort of voice from the Ghost Trap. "Beaten by an amateur!"

"Beginners luck, pal," I said.

"I just wish it didn't have to hurt so much!" squeaked Peter, hobbling off to ECTO-1, whining with every step he took. It's hard to be a hero. Those are the breaks – oops, good job Peter won't be reading this!



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



If you imagined, dear reader, that when a person dies, their capacity for passion dies too - well, think again! Ghosts can be as spirited as we are when it comes to romance!

According to American ghost-hunter Stanley Wojcik, romantic spirits long for true love. Of course when two spirits become attached there are no racing pulses or missed heart-beats. Their love is an ethereal love, a blending of their astral energies.

Wojcik said that not only are ghosts attracted to each other, but "Women who are unattached often attract the amorous activities of male spooks for some unaccountable reason."

One such love-sick ghost terrorised the Burden family at their home in Bournemouth, Dorset.

Suddenly furniture and ornaments took on a life of their own and started flying through the air and smashing against the walls. In desperation, Mrs. Burden called the police but the men in blue could only watch in amazement as the kitchen dresser toppled over. One senior officer was heard to gasp, "I've never seen anything like it!"

In the weeks that followed, the situation got worse, tables and chairs were flying around and pictures were falling off the wall! The family became so frightened that they hardly even dared to stay inside. After one particularly violent outburst, the family were forced to run outside, but as they did so, a heavy door leaning against the garden wall, fell and narrowly missed them.

Dr. Fred Oliver, a 95 year-old priest, was unable to combat the dis-

turbance. He said, "There has been something evil in the house that has fed on fear."

Eventually they contacted two mediums who came round to visit the house. The explanation they gave for the dangerous disturbance was quite bizarre. They said that the ghost of a teenage boy called Ian had invaded the Burden's home and had fallen in love with their seventeen year-old daughter Deborah. After she began dating boy friends the frustrated ghost had flown into a jealous rage and attacked the house.

The mediums carried out an exorcism and advised the family to go away for a few days. When they returned the ghost of lovesick Ian had gone.





THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



Story JANE FABIAN Art TONY O'DONNELL and DAVE HARWOOD Lettering PETER KNIGHT Colouring DONDIE COX







GH~~ST~~ WRITING!



Hello, fellow busting buddies. Thanks for all your letters. I don't know what I'd do without them, so keep 'em coming.

Dear Peter . . .

Please can you tell me:

1. Would you ever kiss Slimer?
2. How old is ECTO-1?
3. How often do you get slimed by the so-called 'gunk-ball'?

— Natalie and Vicki Stocker,
Worsley

Thanks for your questions, gals. 1. The answer to that is most definitely NO! Not on purpose, anyway. It has been known for me and Slimer to embrace, but this was mainly because he threw himself on me before I knew what was going on! The experience could be described as having facial contact with a slug . . . not too nice! 2. Our old faithful, ECTO-1 was built in 1959 and it's still going strong. 3. Too often!

I've got some questions for you:

1. Will there be a second Ghostbusters film?
2. Will there ever be more than four Real Ghostbusters?
3. Could you please bring back Slime Time, as I enjoyed reading it.
4. Does Egon ever take off his glasses?

— Robert Ingram, Hillsborough

1. A second film is under way, but that would be telling! 2. At the moment, we don't want to expand our team any more, so you'll have to put up with us for the time being. 3. Sorry, but Slime Time has passed over the great divide for the moment. But, who knows, it may reappear one day! 4. As a matter of fact Egon does take his glasses off occasionally. Mainly when they need cleaning and when it's bedtime, though, admittedly.

I have some questions for you.

1. How many tests has Egon done on Slimer?
2. How many ghosts can you fit in a trap?

— Ceri Dibble, Cogan

1. Egon doesn't often discuss his laboratory work with us, so I'm not sure how many tests have been carried out and what they were for either! I think he said that when he had thoroughly carried out the investigations he would then reach some conclusions and publish them. 2. That largely depends upon the largeness of the ghosts in question.

In issue nineteen, somebody asked how many pairs of glasses Egon has got, to which you replied, "Lots." Why is it, then, that he always wears a red pair in the comic?

— Antony Drew, Wimborne

Aha! Thought you'd got us there, didn't you! Well, the fact of the matter is, Egon thinks he looks pretty cool in red glasses, so he's got more than one pair in that particularly fetching colour!

I think you are really cool and I have a couple of questions for you:

1. Why do ghosts hover above the ground?
2. Why do ghosts go through walls?

— Robin Simcox, Anderby

Thanks for your letter, Robin.

1. There is no definite answer to this question, I'm afraid, although there have been several theories put forward. One of these suggests that it's the easiest way for an ectoplasmic being to travel. Another suggests that the level at which they are moving was the original level of the ground at the time they were alive. 2. Ghosts do have the ability of travelling through objects, even walls, this is true. But again you can only guess as to why. Maybe they don't like opening doors! Who knows?

How did you feel when the Marshmallow Man exploded?
— James Nash, Wales

Very sticky!

BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER!



BODY POPPING!



THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

TRANSFORMERS 222 In this issue you can read Part Two of *Wanted - Galvatron: Dead or Alive*, by Furman and Senior, with Death's Head hot on the trail. Also, there's the exciting climax of *Survivors*, by Furman and Stokes. **PLUS** Part Three of *Divergent Paths*, the Action Force story by Hama, Wagner and McCleod.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 53 Do you experience feelings of dread on your skateboard? Well, Peter Venkman does in this week's issue, in a story by John Freeman. Slimer falls in love, but all is not as it seems in *Fooled for Love*, by Carnell, Williamson and Perkins. **PLUS** Winston experiences the washday blues in *Carwash' Spook*, by Fabian, O'Donnell and Harwood.

DEATH'S HEAD 8 Time Bomb, by Parkhouse and Wetherall features a fantastic guest appearance by the Doctor, of Doctor Who fame, in an explosive time travelling

story that sees our mechanoid hero alter the course of history!

THUNDERCATS 98 In this month's issue Lion-O meets Domin-a, a beautiful enchantress - but is she as friendly as she appears? You can also read Part Three of *Friends in Need*, and Part Four of the classic story *Worlds in Chaos*. **PLUS** Part Two of the Third Earth map, activities, and much more!

DON'T MISS...

DOCTOR WHO 150 In this special giant-size bumper issue the Ice Warriors make an appearance, along with the Cybermen, and the villainous Master. There are also exclusive photographs from the classic 1965 story, *The Dalek Master Plan*. **PLUS** 20 BBC videos must be won in our exciting competition!

ON SALE NOW!



IT'S ON SALE NOW!

WICKED!